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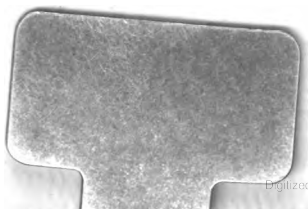
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THE
Mourning Mother Comforted:

BEING
PASSAGES IN PROSE AND VERSE,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,
ON
THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

BY
THOMAS JACKSON, M.A.,
Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of Stoke Newington.

"Is it well with the child?"
And she answered,
"It is well!"—2 Kings iv. 26.

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TO
MRS. TAIT,
OF THE PALACE, FULHAM,
AND
SAINT JAMES'S SQUARE,
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE design of the following pages is, to console mothers mourning over the death of their children, by considerations, addressed chiefly to the reason and the conscience. These are suggested in rich abundance by the Holy Scriptures, and by the writings of eminent persons in every age of the Church. Such considerations, it is presumed, are more likely to influence reflective and thoughtful minds, than extracts which appeal merely to the sentimental and imaginative faculty.

THE RECTORY, STOKE NEWINGTON,
Festival of the Holy Innocents, 1861.

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THE

Mourning Mother Comforted.

THE PATIENCE OF JOB.

1. In the land of Uz there lived a man, whose name was Job :
And this man was perfect and upright,
And feared GOD and eschewed evil.
2. And there were born unto him, seven sons,
and three daughters.
3. And his substance was, seven thousand sheep,
and three thousand camels,
And five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses,
And a household of very great multitude ;
So that this man was great, beyond all the sons of the East.

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4. And his sons were wont to hold a banquet house,
Every one on his birthday ;
When they sent and invited their three sisters,
To eat and drink together with them.
5. And it came to pass, as the days of such banquets returned,
That Job sent for, and sanctified them ;
And made ready in the morning, and offered burnt-offerings,
According to the number of them all :
For (said Job) peradventure my sons
May have sinned, nor blessed GOD in their hearts.
Thus did Job on every such day.
6. And the day came, when the sons of GOD
Went to present themselves before Jehovah :
And Satan went also, in the midst of them.
7. And Jehovah said unto Satan, Whence comest thou ?
And Satan answered Jehovah, and said,
From roaming round the earth, and walking about it.
8. And Jehovah said unto Satan,
Hast thou fixed thy view upon my servant Job ?
For there is none like him on the earth ;
A man, perfect and upright,
Fearing GOD, and eschewing evil.
9. And Satan answered Jehovah, and said,
Doth Job, then, fear GOD for nothing ?

10. Hast thou not made a fence about him,
And about his house, and about everything,
Whatever is his, on every side?
The work of his hands hast Thou blessed,
And his substance hath overflowed the land.
11. But put forth now Thine hand, and smite all
that is his:
Will he then, indeed, bless Thee to Thy face?
12. And Jehovah said unto Satan,
Behold! all that he hath is in thine hand;
Only stretch not forth thine hand against
himself.
And Satan departed from the presence of
Jehovah.
13. And the day came, when his sons and his
daughters,
Were eating, and drinking wine, in their
eldest brother's house:
14. And a messenger came unto Job, and said,
The oxen were ploughing, and the she-asses
feeding beside them,
15. And the Sabeans rushed forth, and seized
them,
And slew the young men with the edge of
the sword;
And I only am escaped, myself alone, to tell
thee.
16. While this was yet speaking, came also
another, and said,
The fire of GOD hath fallen from heaven, and
burned

- Among the sheep, and among the young men,
and consumed them ;
And I only am escaped, myself alone, to tell
thee.
17. While this was yet speaking, came also
another, and said,
Thy sons and thy daughters were eating, and
drinking wine,
In their eldest brother's house ;
19. And, lo ! there came a great wind from across
the desert,
And smote upon the four corners of the house ;
And it fell upon the young people, and they
are dead ;
And I only am escaped, myself alone, to tell
thee.
20. And Job arose, and rent his mantle, and
shaved his head,
And fell on the ground, and worshipped ;
and said,
21. Naked came I forth from my mother's womb,
And naked shall I return thither !
Jehovah giveth, and Jehovah taketh away ;
Blessed be the name of Jehovah !
22. In all this Job sinned not,
Nor vented a murmur against GOD.

DR. MASON GOOD'S TRANSLATION.



CONSIDERATIONS ON THE DEATH OF DAVID'S CHILD.

It is not in the power of the strongest faith to preserve us from all afflictions ; after all David's prayers and tears, the child must die. The careful servants dare but whisper this sad news ; they who had found their master so averse from the motion of comfort in the sickness of the child, feared him incapable of comfort in his death.

Suspicion is quick witted. Every occasion makes us mis-doubt that event which we fear. This secrecy proclaims that which they were so loth to utter. David perceives his child dead, and now he rises up from the earth whereon he lay, and washes himself, and changeth his apparel, and goes first into GOD'S house to worship, and into his own to eat ; now he refuses no comfort, who before would take none. The issue of things doth more fully show the will of GOD than the prediction ; GOD never did anything but what He would ; He hath sometimes foretold that for trial, which His secret will intended not ;

He would foretel it, He would not effect it; because He would therefore fortel it, that He might not effect it. His predictions of outward wills are not always absolute, His actions are. David well sees, by the event, what the decree of GOD was concerning his child, which now he could not strive against without a vain impatience. Till we know the determinations of the Almighty, it is free for us to strive in our prayers, to strive with Him, not against Him; when once we know them, it is our duty to sit down in a silent contentation.

“ While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, who can tell whether the Lord will be gracious to me, that the child may live? but now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again?”

The grief, that goes before an evil for remedy, can hardly be too much; but that which follows an evil past remedy, cannot be too little. Even in the saddest accident, death, we may yield something to nature, nothing to impatience; immoderation of sorrow, for losses past hope of recovery, is more sullen than useful; our stomach may be bewrayed by it, not our wisdom.

BISHOP HALL.



CONSIDERATIONS ON HOLY BAPTISM.

BAPTISM, viewed as a seal, marks the promise of GOD, to grant the righteousness of faith to him who is impressed by it ; but, viewed as a sign, it marks the existence of this faith. But if it be not a true sign, it is not an obligatory seal. He who believes and is baptised shall be saved. But he who is baptised and believes not shall be damned. It is not the circumcision which availeth, but a new creature. It is not the baptism which availeth, but the answer of a good conscience. GOD hath given a terrible demonstration of the utter worthlessness of a sign that is deceitful, and hath let us know that on that event as a seal it is dissolved. He thus stands emancipated from all His promises, and adds to His direct vengeance upon iniquity, a vengeance for the hypocrisy of its lying ceremonial.

When a whole circumcised nation lost the spirit, though they retained the letter of the ordinance, He swept it away. The presence of

the letter, we have no doubt, heightened the provocation ; and beware, ye parents, who regularly hold up your children to the baptism of water, and make their baptism by the Holy Ghost no part of your concern or of your prayer—lest you thereby swell the judgment of the land, and bring down the sore displeasure of GOD upon your families.

This affords, we think, something more than a dubious glimpse into the question, that is often put by a distracted mother, when her babe is taken away from her—when all the converse it ever had with the world, amounted to the gaze upon it of a few months, or a few opening smiles, which marked the dawn of felt enjoyment ; and ere it had reached perhaps the lisp of infancy, it, all unconscious of death, had to wrestle through a period of sickness with its power, and at length to be overcome by it. Oh, it little knew, what an interest it had created in that home where it was so passing a visitant—nor, when carried to its early grave, what a tide of emotion it would raise among the few acquaintances it left behind it ! On it too baptism was imprest as a seal, and as a sign it was never falsified. There was no positive unbelief in its little bosom—no resistance yet put forth to the truth—no love at all

for the darkness rather than the light—nor had it yet fallen into that great condemnation, which will attach to all who perish because of unbelief, that their deeds are evil.

It is interesting to know, that GOD instituted circumcision for the infant children of Jews, and at least suffered baptism for the infant children of those who profess Christianity. Should the child die in infancy, the use of baptism as a sign has never been thwarted by it; and may we not be permitted to indulge a hope so pleasing, as that the use of baptism as a seal remains in all its entirety—that He who sanctioned the affixing of it to a babe, will fulfil upon it the whole expression of this ordinance: and when we couple with this the known disposition of our Great Forerunner—the love that He manifested to children on earth—how He suffered them to approach His person—and lavishing endearment and kindness upon them in the streets of Jerusalem, told His disciples that the presence and company of such as these in heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was set before Him,—Tell us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb? And should any parent who hears us, feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light, that twinkled

a few short months under his roof, and at the end of its little period expired—we cannot think that we venture too far, when we say, that he has only to persevere in the faith and in the following of the gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in heaven. The blossom which withered here upon its stalk, has been transplanted there to a place of endurance; and it will then gladden that eye which now weeps out the agony of an affection that has been sorely wounded; and in the name of Him who, if on earth, would have wept along with them, do we bid all believers present, to sorrow not even as others which have no hope, but to take comfort in the thought of that country where there is no sorrow and no separation:—

“O, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears—
The day of woe, the watchful night—
For all her sorrow, all her tears—
An over-payment of delight?

Dr. THOMAS CHALMERS.



CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CHILDHOOD OF OUR BLESSED REDEEMER.

As we kneel in spirit to contemplate the childhood of the Redeemer, we learn anew to reverence, to love, to labor, and to pray for our children. In life they seem to grow objects of more precious endearment, in death of serener hope and resignation. Who can bend over an infant's grave, without thinking that Christ not only showed his tenderness for little children by encouraging them to draw near to Him, by nursing them in His arms, and grouping them around Him in the streets of Zion, but that in His early days He was not unlike one of them; and on the eve of the departure of every such to His bosom in glory, He seems to address the father and the mother, and to say, "Suffer that little child to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He knew all the sorrows and joys, the little worlds of hope and fear, of gladness and agony, in which our children expiate. We deem it not irreverent to suppose

that He remembers to this day His catechetical examination among the doctors, and will bless and answer the prayers of a Christian mother and father for their boy of twelve years old, about for the first time to encounter the difficulties of a public school, and to shrink before the unsheltered gaze of the new multitude of companions and instructors by whom he will be surrounded. And as to those, who, according to the mysterious economy of the heavenly world, that there should be infancy and childhood throughout eternity, bloom here only for a few summers, and then pine upon the stem,—those little pilgrims to Zion, whom their father and mother seek sorrowing, for their cradle is empty, and they are not to be found in the homes of kinsfolk and acquaintance,—we know that we shall hereafter find them, reclining in the great school of glorified spirits, lighting up the Father's House above with their own precious and peculiar radiance; sitting among patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, among the foremost heroes and instructors of the celestial sanctuary, at once perfect and expanding to a new perfection. So let us not sorrow, as men without hope for the babes that sleep in Jesus. Depend upon it, if we are Christ's at His coming, we shall behold them

ALL SAFE, for He will bring them with Him. And as each glows with immortality, and reflects the lustre and beauty of heaven, we shall understand the meaning of many a sorrowful and mysterious dispensation; learning to rejoice where now we weep, or rather, were it possible, weeping aloud for joy. Let Abraham, then, be ready to part with Isaac. Let Rachel no longer weep for her children because they are not. Let every one who has ever seen one of his precious nurslings decline and expire, rather exclaim, in the noble language of the Christian poet :—

“ With all my soul, O GOD, I give,
 The child Thy love hath taken away,
 On earth I would not have him live;
 With me I would not have him stay;
 The sacrifice long since was o’er,
 I stand to what I gave before.

All I have left for Jesu’s sake,
 And shall I grieve to part with one?
 No, if a wish could call him back,
 I would not have my darling son
 Brought from his everlasting rest,
 Torn from his Heavenly Father’s breast.

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Pass a few fleeting days or years,
And I shall see my child again :
When Jesus in the clouds appears,
I shall with him in glory reign ;
I and the children He hath given
Inseparably joined in heaven !”

The Rev. Prebendary JACKSON,
Rector of Stoke Newington.



REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF DAVID'S CHILD.

OUT of the many trains of reflection which a narrative so striking as that under review may be presumed to furnish, we select only two for consideration.

The first is, the conduct of a pious man under the melancholy pressure of bereavement; and the second, the grounds upon which that conduct is founded. It may be remarked that David visited, first of all, the house of the Lord. He acknowledged by that appropriate act that afflictions do not spring out of the dust; but that every time we are called to witness the stroke of immortality actually inflicted, the Eternal is addressing a direct and sensible appeal to our own souls. If, with the Lord Jehovah are the issues of life and death, if it is He who sustains the tenure of that golden cord, by which spirit and body are united,—and if He be a being of consummate knowledge and love,—then it is

for us that "our brethren sicken," and for us that "our children die." We are to see and to reverence the hand of the Lord, whenever death enters our habitations ; and to learn as we gaze upon the dissolving material after the spirit has fled, the silent eloquence of its summons to our souls. This principle specially applies to the death of children. They do not expire in the ordinary course of nature ; there seems to be something premature in their removal ; and thus we trace more vividly the interference of Him, at Whose voice our breath goes forth, at Whose recal it returns to Him who gave it. David, as he bent over the withered blossom on which his affections had been centered, and saw it carried to its early grave, felt that his bereavement was a stroke from GOD ; that it called for solemn self-examination and circumcision of heart ; that He who ordains the course of all events, had ordained this also ; and that earnest inward enquiry should be connected with solemn worship. Before him was an affecting spectacle. His child cut off in the first dawn of the morning ; before perhaps it had learnt to whisper the endearing name of father, or understood the melting voice of a mother's tenderness. It went to his heart, like the proclamation which Isaiah was com-

manded to make to the assembled Jewish people, when the voice said, cry, and the prophet asked, what shall I cry,—“All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.” The grass withereth, the flower fadeth;—but David knew in connexion with the desolating fact, that the word of our Lord shall stand for ever. He, therefore, joined with the public worshippers at the Lord’s house. He felt that there he was in the scenery of revelation; that there, amidst the human race sickening and expiring, were the pure and ineffable communications, which reveal our immortality. The monarch kneeling there amid symbolic sacrifices and inspiring hymns; he felt that the glorious majesty of the great GOD his Saviour would endure for ever: and glad to slip away from the painful toils of power, and the struggles of imperial sovereignty, he bowed in the temple of the Lord, a poor common mortal, one, the extent of whose territory, the power of whose arms, could not add a minute to the life of his expiring child. It is thus that many a Christian, living under the lustre of that dispensation which David died to know, has gone up

in his heart-stricken bereavement to the church of the Saviour. With the lesson of death so vividly presented before him, that it might almost be imagined the apparition of his departed one stood in his sight, he has entered into the litanies, the prayers, the confessions, the teaching of the church with an unction he perhaps never felt before : while a voice has seemed to address him, from every page of the sacred oracles, from every successive petition, " I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth : and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see GOD : whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." " Jesus is the resurrection, and the life : he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in Him shall never die." And thus communing with his own spirit in the anticipation of a blessed and blissful reunion with the spirit of his child, he has exclaimed, " I shall go to him, though he will not return to me."

The resignation of a man thus taught by divine grace, through the solemn services of the sanctuary, will be suitable to the place where he has been communing, and the topics to which his

attention has been directed. He may still feel a lingering regret for those he has lost, (and why should he not, when tears are the privilege of human nature alone, and Jesus wept?) but that regret will be tempered by the sentiment, that his loss is their infinite gain; that if GOD for Christ's sake had forgiven their sins, if they have departed this life in the faith and hope of the gospel, they are now in the enjoyment of happiness, in comparison with which the splendour of royalty is but a meagre phantom. But should he, like David, be weeping over the opening grave of an infant child, cut off like a summer floweret, —a child that had been dedicated to GOD in the sacrament of baptism, without being able to thwart the full covenant of blessing,—a child in whom the seal of consecration remained with all its entirety, one who had felt no positive disbelief ever fluttering its little bosom, no temptation or tide of passion deluging its spirit,—should the mourner be dropping his bitter tear over the bier of his infant child,—resignation nay triumph in his privilege. Should there be one among us whose bosom melts at the recollection of a lost Pleiad, who recalls the memories due to some little star which gladdened his horizon for a few brief months and then was lost,—we urge upon

such an one, not to imagine that the twinkling radiance has expired. It burns in another and a brighter hemisphere. And if that parent will only live as one that is alive from the dead, if he will only yield himself unreservedly to the service of the Lord Jesus, a day shall come, a day of reunion and joy,—when there will be meetings, unbroken by farewells, and the very light which gladdened his eye, will gaze upon him refined, purified, and immortalized, for ever and for ever. Then, then, he will learn all the welcome and ecstasy which the royal mourner anticipated when he said, I shall go to him, though he will not return to me.

We have already somewhat anticipated the second part of our subject. We proposed to consider the grounds on which this resignation rested. Now we contend in the outset that the heathen never enjoyed these motives of consolation. However the hope of immortality may be accordant with the general apprehension of mankind, it has never given a practical relief to the heathen world, in moments of sorrow and bereavement. It is the exclusive prerogative of the gospel to bring life and immortality to light. Now, in stating the grounds upon which a Christian rests his conduct under the pressure of

sorrow for the dead, our argument would be incomplete if we did not place in the forefront the doctrine of the soul's immortality ; not as presumed by the metaphysician, or fancied by the poet, or reasoned on by the philosopher, but as demonstrated at the resurrection of our Lord. We confess, however, that this is not our main point. Nor do we wish to dilate upon the resurrection of the human body, though the certainty of that magnificent restoration must unquestionably add an additional motive for resignation, if not triumph, when the spirit is dislodged from its earthly tenement, and begins to undergo the refining process, preparatory to its final glorification. We allude rather to the hope which Christians entertain of clasping the hands of their fathers and children once more ; of recognizing each other's countenances, and after the strange revolutions of the grave, of not only living again with their personal consciousness undisturbed, but the full sense and certainty of the communion of old relatives and friends. This recognition was guessed at even in the heathen world. The sentiment that the patriots and benefactors of mankind, the ancestral heroes of every age and empire, were grouped together in shadowy abodes ; that there they conversed with

each other, with all the continuity of consciousness, derived its origin from this universal impression ; and though so often overborne by scepticism, that it seemed rather a fanciful theory than a practical truth, it serves to show how deeply fixed the notion was in the bosoms of mankind. Now, it may be urged that whatever arguments apply to the continuation of consciousness beyond the grave, apply with greater force to the continuation of friendship ; but this low view of the question is not that we would chiefly impress upon a Christian. The great consoling principle to us, when a friend dies, is not a general confused notion derived from the questionable quarter of metaphysics, but a strong presumption derived from revealed truth. The common bond of Christian fellowship and love is Christ Jesus our Lord ; we are one with each other, because we are one with Him ; and if that oneness with him is to continue unimpaired throughout eternity, if those who have recovered the image of GOD their Saviour, are to continue conscious partakers of the glory to be revealed, as long as an indissoluble thing can exist, then the bond of Christian friendship will be unbroken also ; the fellowship we have with Christ continuing, our friendship shall by direct consequence

continue too. This one argument is enough to decide the whole question we are discussing.

Those then who have been united by blood and all the tenderness of mutual affection upon earth, are not destined to meet as utter strangers before the great white throne. So powerful an element in their happiness is not to be lost in the dissolution of the world. The interest we feel, on beholding the images of the good is not an idle sentimentalism ; it is a precognition of something which will help to develope the raptures of eternity. We march through our cathedrals ; we ponder over the lineaments of ancient worthies, and a thousand diversified associations hallow our minds. But in the cathedral of a glorified universe, it shall not be mute marble on which we gaze, but the living, the conscious, the communicative reality. Lazarus knew what it was to reach the bosom of Abraham. The transfiguration was a scene which ushered us within the veil, and we learn that Moses and Elias are not airy abstractions, but cognizable beings. O yes, mourners in Zion, you who have sown your friends for the harvest of the great day, you shall all meet again. That identification which is the source of all jurisprudence, the ground of all friendship, the main principle of society

and love, shall not be lost ;—you shall rejoice in a thousand glorious recognitions ; and as the vindication of the divine justice will, so far as your individual mind is concerned, depend upon the separate trials of the judgment day, so will your convictions of the divine love receive a fresh demonstration, as you mingle with the groups of old friends beneath the unfading tree of life, and meet the old ship's company, with whom you sailed on earth before the throne of GOD and of the Lamb. Illustrious day ! day without night, when we shall embrace the good and faithful servants of every age and clime who have entered into the eternal joy of their Lord. Our fathers, where are they ? The prophets, do they live for ever ? Our old companions, many are come to the margin of life, many are in the grave ! But by the atonement of Christ accomplished, by the resurrection of Christ fulfilled, we shall again behold them. They are not lost ; they have gone before. They have arrived at their mansions first, and that is all. Like David, we dare not repine. It would be infidelity to indulge in indecent grief ;—nay rather, we lift our voice, and shout our solemn joys ; cause of highest rapture this,—rapture that shall never fail,—if a soul escapes to bliss, keep the Chris-

tian festival! They shall not return to us; but blessed be GOD in Christ, they rest in paradise until the restitution of all things,—a condition of happiness, if not the precise condition of the glorified human nature of their Lord. They shall not return to us, but we shall go—aye, no less is our privilege than the recognition which King David's words imply—we shall go to them.

And we will not permit a heartless philosophy to maintain that the remarks we have been urging do not apply to children. It is true that, in their case, friendship is only in the germ; only in the first stage of an embryo existence. But assuredly, arguing by analogy, we may suppose that their powers of recognition will be developed in proportion to that general development of their powers and propensities, which is consistent with the arrangements of divine providence, and suitable to the ever-increasing happiness of the heavenly state. If it be part of the economy of heaven, that there shall be childhood throughout eternity,—if there will be a difference of condition and knowledge in the little ones, like that which we see in the successive stages of infancy, the lowest stage will at least imply recognition on our side; and those

who, to speak after the manner of men, would miss the reunion with their darlings, will, as we firmly believe, be able to single out their own from the gathered millions of holy infants. Heaven, in regard to the innocents, will not be a company of strangers; they will not be little fatherless foundlings; but gamboling before the throne of GOD and of the Lamb, the relationship of Christ to His Father may remind them of a relationship represented at least by similar terms; and thus the language of Holy David, as he arose in his refreshment of soul, shall be vindicated, I SHALL, consciously, GO TO MY CHILD, and recognize him there in glory, THOUGH HE SHALL NOT RETURN TO ME.

The Rev. Prebendary JACKSON,
Rector of Stoke Newington.



THE REAPER.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair,” saith he ;
“Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of those flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves :
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowrets gay,”
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

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And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.



THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

“These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits
unto GOD and to the Lamb.”—Rev. xiv. 4.

SAY, ye celestial guards who wait
In Bethlehem, round the Saviour's palace gate,
Say, who are these on golden wings,
That hover o'er the new-born King of kings,
Their palms and garlands telling plain
That they are of the glorious martyr train,
Next to yourselves, ordain'd to praise
His name, and brighter as on him they gaze?

But where their spoils and trophies? Where
The glorious dint a martyr's shield should bear?
How chance no cheek among them wears
The deep-worn trace of penitential tears;
But all is bright and smiling love,
As if, fresh borne from Eden's happy grove,
They had flown here, their king to see,
Nor ever had been heirs of dark mortality!

Ask, and some angel will reply,—
 “These, like yourselves, were born to sin and die ;
 But ere the poison root was grown,
 GOD set His seal, and mark’d them for His own.
 Baptized in blood for Jesus’ sake,
 Now underneath the cross their bed they make ;
 Not to be scared from that sure rest
 By frightened mother’s shriek, or warrior’s waving
 crest.”

Mindful of these, the first-fruits sweet,
 Borne by the suffering Church her Lord to greet ;
 Bless’d Jesus ever loved to trace
 The “innocent brightness” of an infant’s face ;
 He raised them in His holy arms,
 He bless’d them from the world and all its harms :
 Heirs though they were of sin and shame,
 He bless’d them in His own, and in His Father’s
 name.

These, as each fond unconscious child
 On th’ everlasting Parents sweetly smil’d,
 (Like infants sporting on the shore,
 That trembled not at ocean’s boundless roar,)
 Were they not present to thy thought,
 All souls that in their cradles thou hast bought ?
 But chiefly these who died for Thee,
 That Thou might’st live for them a sadder death
 to see.

And next to these, Thy gracious word
Was a pledge of benediction stored
For Christian mothers, while they moan
Their treasured hopes, just born, baptized, and gone.
Oh joy for Rachael's broken heart !
She and her babes shall meet no more to part ;
So dear to Christ her pious haste
To trust them in His arms, for ever safe embraced.

She dares not grudge to leave them there,
Where to behold them was her heart's first prayer ;
She dares not grieve—but she must weep,
As her pale placid martyr sinks to sleep,
Teaching so well and silently,
How at the Shepherd's call the lamb should die :
How happier far than life, the end
Of souls that infant-like beneath their burthen bend.

The Rev. J. KEBLE'S "Christian Year."



AN INFANT'S DEATH.



“Be—rather than be called—a child of GOD,”
Death whispered. With ascending nod,
 Its head upon its mother’s breast,
The baby bowed without demur;
 Of the kingdom of the blest,
Possessor—not inheritor.

COLERIDGE.



CHEERFULNESS UNDER BEREAVEMENT, THE CHRISTIAN'S PRIVILEGE.

So doing, we play false to our hope and faith ; unreal, counterfeit, fictitious, do those things appear which we affirm. It nothing profits to set out virtue in our words, in our acts to undo the truth. In a word, the Apostle Paul condemns and rebukes and blames any, who sorrow at the departing of them who are dear to them. *I would not, says he, have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them which are asleep in Jesus, will GOD bring with Him.* They, he says, sorrow in the departing of their friends, which have no hope. But we who live by hope, and believe in GOD, and are assured that Christ suffered for us, and that He rose again, abiding in Christ, and having resurrection by Him and in Him, wherefore do we either

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ourselves unwillingly depart forth from life, or lament and grieve for those of us who do depart, as though they perished? Christ Himself, our Lord and GOD, cautions us, and says, *I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he die, shall live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall not die eternally.* If we believe in Christ, let us put faith in His words and promises; and since we shall not die eternally, let us pass in joyful assurance unto Christ, with whom for ever we shall both live and reign. In dying at this present, by death they gain the transit to immortality; eternal life cannot follow, unless it has been given us to depart hence; nor is this departure, but transition; where the journey of time is concluded, a transit unto things eternal. Who will not make speed unto the better things? Who does not long to be changed, and made anew unto the likeness of Christ, and to gain an earlier entrance to the dignity of heavenly grace? It is the spoken word of Paul the Apostle: *Our conversation, saith he, is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Lord Jesus Christ, Who shall change the body of our humility, conforming it to the body of His glory.* That such we shall be, Christ the Lord also promises, when in these words He prays the Father for us, that we may

be with Him, and live with Him in the eternal seats and be joyful in the realms of heaven ;
Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am ; and may see the glory which thou gavest Me, before the world began.

S. CÆCILIVS CYPRIAN,
Bishop of Carthage and Martyr.



THE HIDDEN CROSS.

"To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
 He doth impart
 The virtue of His midnight agony
 When none was nigh,
 Save GOD and one good angel, to assuage
 The tempest's rage.

'Oh, Father, not my will, but Thine be done';
 So spake the Son.
 Be this our charm, mellowing Earth's ruder noise
 Of griefs and joys,
 That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
 In perfect rest."

THE REV. J. KEBLE's Christian Year.



ACTIVE EMPLOYMENT, A REMEDY FOR GRIEF.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said and written about the happiness of childhood and early youth, it is, nevertheless, true, that neither is beyond the influence of that decree, alike the just penalty and the consequence of sin, by which "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." The tear on the cheek of childhood scarcely flows ere it is dried again, yet none can look back to their own early days, without feeling that the fountains of sorrow were none the less bitter for being easily stirred. The cloud may soon pass away, but, while it lasts, the whole sky is overshadowed. And when childhood is exchanged for youth, who shall say that sorrow is also left behind. Surely its touch falls most heavily on the young and untried spirit, which the stern discipline of life has not yet taught to "suffer and be still"! How soon, how effectually, does reality dispel our bright

visions of perfect happiness in our "Jesus!" There is no home so carefully guarded that death may not enter it. A father's place may be left vacant—a mother's voice may be silent—a brother's manly form may be laid low, and even the gentle sister, in whose life your own seems bound up, may leave you to tread the wilderness path alone. Sickness, too, may come. Days of pain and nights of weariness may be your portion. You may be painfully taught how difficult it is to struggle through the routine of daily duty, when, with languid pulse and aching head, and every nerve unstrung, each trifling annoyance seems to stir up all the impatience that is in you. Perhaps you may be altogether laid aside; and, so, entirely prevented from openly showing your love and devotedness to the Master whom you serve. But, if we are only hid within the clefts of the smitten rock, no *evil* shall befall us.

Nothing (we speak, of course, of secondary means only) will so greatly tend to dissipate the cloud which hangs over you, as full and constant occupation. Whether it be engagement in intellectual pursuits, or self-denying exertion for others, you will find it the most unfailing safeguard against melancholy and wretchedness.

Painful as the effort may be, it will bring with it a rich reward. We must not bend helplessly before the storm, or fold our hands in the listlessness of despair, but fight the daily battle, with a brave and earnest purpose, looking ever *upward* and *onward*: upward, to the ever-present Saviour, whose strength is "made perfect in weakness"—onward, to the blessed rest, where "sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Do not, then, give yourself up to idle and morbid regrets. Wait patiently; the victory will come at last, though the struggle may be long and weary. Those who have never known what it is to suffer, have never known what it is to live. The idols must be broken, the flesh must be crucified, the quivering heart must be laid as an offering upon the altar of sacrifice. It is a bitter cup, but it is mingled by a Father's hand; it is dipped in the blood of the Elder Brother. Fear not, then, but be of good courage, for, by the grace given from above, woman's feeble nature is made strong. You tread no solitary path; it is marked by the "footsteps of the flock." Nay, more precious than any human sympathy, is the thought, that He who has

"—— borne all woes,
Bound in the girdle of mortality,"

can feel *for* you, and feel *with* you. The Saviour's eye is upon you. His arm can uphold the fainting spirit. His voice can speak peace to the troubled heart. He draws nigh in the day when earthly comforters avail not, and whispers, in tones of tenderest pity and compassion, "Be of good cheer, it is I ; be not afraid." His hand binds up the bleeding wound, pouring into it the healing balm of "His own unutterable peace." Rest, then, in the Lord ; for, however outward circumstances may distress you, there is peace for you in His presence. "When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

ANONYMOUS.



PATIENCE, THE CHRISTIAN'S SACRIFICE IN BEREAVEMENT.

THE faith and patience of Christ have sanctified *our* faith and patience, and made them acceptable unto GOD. Only those who have known deep sorrow know the preciousness of this belief.

Weeping mother, there is no sin in your tears. You are writing bitter things against yourself, because of present anguish. You fear lest you should be sinning against GOD, in the difficulty you find in parting willingly with your child. But grief blinds the eyes with sore weeping, and you cannot see clearly. The enemy too of our souls is surely most busy in the hour of our affliction. Knowing, as he does, that GOD'S best comforts are close at hand, he strives to harass the mourner with needless doubts and fears.

“Where the seed lies thickest, there the
birds are closest.”*

Remember this. Our father does not expect

* St. Mark iv. 4.

us to give up our beloved ones without pain. All He asks for is *Patience*, as our first sacrifice. Is not this the essence of those beautiful words in the 12th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "Nevertheless afterward." Ah! it is only in the hour of our sorest need that we press out the full comfort of the message which the GOD of all patience and consolation sends us in those words.

In the first anguish of the soul when it refuses to be comforted, the mourner is tempted to despair of the good of affliction, and to say, Can it *ever* be otherwise than "very grievous"? But presently, like Sabbath chimes, fall the words on the ear, "Nevertheless *afterward*." So, in the faith of this "afterward," the stricken heart strives to endure in Patience that chastening, which for the present is only "grievous"; content to sow in tears, believing that after many days the "peaceable fruits of righteousness" will be yielded—love and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

" Love's very grief is gain ;
 Thereby earth holier grows, and heaven is nigher ;
 Souls that their idols may not here detain,
 Will follow and aspire.

Potent is sorrow's breath
To quench wrath's fever; and the hungry will
That clutches fame, looks in the face of death,
And the wild mind is still.

No paths of sense may wile
The yearning heart. It asks not if the road
Have bays to crown, or odours to beguile;
But—*does it lead to GOD?*

Love, purity, repose,
Faith cherished, duty done, and wrong forgiven—
Be these the garland and the staff of those
Who have a child in heaven!"

Mrs. HENRY F. BROCK.



THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
 Now Thy little lamb's long weeping ;
 Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping ;
 And no sigh of anguish sore,
 Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it,
 To the sunny heavenly plain
 Dost Thou now with joy receive it ;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.

Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving ;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though Thou take what most we love.

“*Lyra Germanica.*”—MEINHOLD.



THE MOURNING MOTHER.

O ! who shall tell what fearful pangs
That mother's heart are rending,
As o'er her infant's little grave
Her wasted form is bending.
From many an eye that weeps to-day,
Delight may beam to-morrow ;
But she—her precious babe is not ;
And what remains but sorrow ?

Bereaved one ! I may not chide
Thy tears and bitter sobbing,—
Weep on ! 'twill cool that burning brow,
And still that bosom's throbbing ;
But be not thine such grief as theirs,
To whom no hope is given,—
Snatched from the world, its sin and snares,
Thy infant rests in heaven.

BISHOP DOANE.



WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl ;
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ? ”
“ How many ?—Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering, looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you, tell.”

She answered, “Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,
The little maid replied ;
Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead :
The heart of Rachael, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mist and vapours ;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! what seems so is transition ;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
 But gone unto that school
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 By guardian angels led,
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
 She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
 In those bright realms of air ;
 Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
 The bond which nature gives,
 Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
 For when with raptures wild,
 In our embraces we again enfold her,
 She will not be a child ;

52 THE MOURNING MOTHER COMFORTED.

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
• Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest,

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.



OUR DEPARTED FRIENDS.

WHEN we think of our departed friends, our souls seem often lost in the obscurity of their revealed state. We scarcely know where they are, or what they are engaged in. If they are in that abode of separate spirits which is called Paradise, yet we do not know where Paradise is. Is it near us, or is it very distant? Is it, as some have thought, in the "heart of the earth"? Are they the "things that are under the earth"? or are they in one of the planets, in the moon, or in the sun itself? Or are they anywhere within the circumference of that mighty universe which is vaulted by day with the blue empyrean, and by night with the glittering concave of the stars? But that empyrean seems itself without bound; and those stars seem so immeasurably distant, that the thought of either perplexes us. Are our departed friends beyond even these? Ah! then, how far, how hopelessly removed! The idea fills a void heart with nothing but the perplexity of distress and desire.

But it is not, evidently, the will of the Most

High, our Father, that His Children should suffer from such unsatisfied yearnings. We may sorrow, but not as those that are without hope. What, then, is the hope referred to? It is the second Advent of Christ, at that second Advent, He will bring back those that sleep in Him. (1 Thess. iv.) They sleep, then, *in Him*; they are in His keeping; hidden within the shady hollow of His mighty heart; for if He will bring them then, they must be under His keeping *now*. St. Paul has, in positive terms, assured us of this, when he says, that "to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord";* and no less so when he declares by implication, that "*to depart*," and to be *with Christ*,"† is one and the same thing.

It is upon texts like these, that the Church grounds her strong assurance of the happiness of the saints departed. She believes, and as she believes she declares, that the spirits of the just are at once in the presence of GOD. The words of one of the last prayers in the order for the Burial of the Dead, assures us of this: "Almighty GOD, with whom *do live* the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered

* 2 Cor. v. 8.

† Phil. i. 23.

from the burden of the flesh, *are in joy and felicity*; we give Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching Thee, that it may please Thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

How cheering are these words to survivors! We have just seen the coffin lowered; we have lost sight of the object of our heart's tenderest affections; the cold grave (so it seems) has got what we have possessed, and what we long to recover. But no! the words (and they are the clear, solemn, and unhesitating words of the Church) tell us that it is not so: our brother or our sister is not there. The dews shall distil, the showers shall fall, and the storms shall sweep over their confined forms, but they themselves are far away; they are at home: they are in the presence of Christ; in the keeping of GOD; they rest, happy, happy spirits! in His presence, "in joy and felicity." No room, therefore, for

our pity : let us neither pity, nor—what we may be more tempted to do—too keenly envy them ; let us bless GOD who has delivered them from the miseries of this sinful world ; and while we earnestly strive to follow and patiently wait to meet them, let us constantly pray for “ that perfect consummation in bliss, both of body and soul,” for them as well as for ourselves, for which the Church directs us to supplicate.

But there is something peculiar in the expression of this same Apostle, “ Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in GOD.” The death here spoken of is the death to sin : he says, therefore, to true Christians, that they are already dead and buried ; nay, more, that their life is even now in the company and keeping of Christ. But if this be the case, death natural can make no alteration in this respect. The life of a saint departed can only be with Christ : this is its *enthunasia*. But, *it was with Him before* : it is not therefore changed in locality ; it remains where it was, in blessedness and in bliss.



SAINTS DEPARTED.

Weep not for me ;—
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free !
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends ;
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

I still am near ;—
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
Now, too I hear,
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread ; its pure, still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.

We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
GOD'S knowledge, and are blest !

NEWMAN.

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

THERE are some persons who have been noted for excellence in their lives and passions, rarely innocent, and yet hugely penitent for indiscretions and harmless infirmities; such as was Paulina, one of the ghostly children of St. Jerome; and yet when any of her children died, she was arrested with a sorrow so great, as brought her to the margin of her grave. And the more tender our spirits are made by religion, the more easy we are to let in grief, if the cause be innocent, and be but in any sense twisted with piety and due affection. To cure which, we may consider that all the world must die, and therefore to be impatient at the death of a person, concerning whom it was certain and know that he must die, is to mourn because thy friend or child was not born an angel; and, when thou hast awhile made thyself miserable by an importunate and useless grief, it may be thou shalt die thyself, and leave others to their choice, whether they will mourn for thee or no; but, by

that time it will appear how impertinent that grief was, which served no end of life, and ended in thy own funeral. But what great matter is it, if sparks fly upward, or a stone falls into a pit; if that which was combustible, be burned; or that which was liquid, be melted; or that which is mortal, to die? It is no more than a man does every day; for every night death hath gotten possession of that day, and we shall never live that day over again; and when the last day is come, there are no more days left for us to die. And what is sleeping and waking, but living and dying? what is spring and autumn, youth and old age, morning and evening, but real images of life and death, and really the same to many considerable effects and changes?

Untimely Death.

But it is not mere dying, that is pretended by some as the cause of their impatient mourning; but that the child died young, before he knew good and evil, his right hand from his left, and so lost all his portion of this world, and they know not of what excellency his portion in the

next shall be. If he died young, he lost but little ; for he understood but little, and had not capacities of great pleasures or great cares ; but yet he died innocent, and before the sweetness of his soul was deflowered and ravished from him by the flames and follies of a froward age ; he went out from the dining room, before he had fallen into error by the intemperance of his meat, or the deluge of drink : and he hath obtained this favor of GOD, that his soul hath suffered a less imprisonment, and his load was sooner taken off, that he might, with lesser delays, go and converse with immortal spirits ; and the babe is taken into paradise before he knows good and evil. (For that knowledge threw our great father out, and this ignorance returns the child thither.) But (as concerning thy own particular) remove thy thoughts back to those days in which thy child was not born, and you are now but as then you was, and there is no difference, but that you had a son born ; and if you reckon that for evil, you are unthankful for the blessing ; if it be good, it is better that you had the blessing for awhile, than not at all ; and yet, if he had never been born, this sorrow had not been at all. But be no more displeased at GOD for giving you a blessing for awhile, than you would have been if

He had not given it at all; and reckon that intervening blessing for a gain, but account it not an evil; and if it be a good, turn it not into sorrow and sadness. But if we have great reason to complain of the calamities and evils of our life, then we have the less reason to grieve, that those whom we loved have so small a portion of evil assigned to them. And it is no small advantage, that our children dying young receive; for their condition of a blessed immortality is rendered to them secure by being snatched from the dangers of an evil choice, and carried to their little cells of felicity, where they can weep no more. And this the wisest of the Gentiles understood well, when they forbade any offerings or libations to be made for dead infants, as was usual for their other dead; as believing they were entered into a secure possession, to which they went with no other condition, but that they passed into it through the way of mortality, and, for a few months, wore an uneasy garment. And let weeping parents say, if they do not think that the evils their little babes have suffered are sufficient. If they be, why are they troubled, that they were taken from those many and greater, which, in succeeding years, are great enough to try all the reason and religion which

art, and nature, and the grace of GOD have produced in us, to enable us for such sad contentions? And, possibly, we may doubt concerning men and women, but we cannot suspect, that to infants death can be such an evil, but that it brings to them much more good than it takes from them in this life.

Death Unseasonable.

But others can well bear the death of infants ; but when they have spent some years of childhood or youth, and are entered into arts and society, when they are hopeful and provided for, when the parents are to reap the comfort of all their fears and cares, then it breaks the spirit to lose them. This is true in many ; but this is not love to the dead, but to themselves : for they miss what they had flattered themselves into by hope and opinion : and if it were kindness to the dead, they may consider, that, since we hope he is gone to GOD and to rest, it is an ill expression of our love to them, that we weep for their good fortune. For that life is not best which is longest ; and when they are descended into the

grave, it shall not be inquired how long they have lived, but how well : and yet this shortening of their days is an evil wholly depending upon opinion. For if men did naturally live but twenty years, then we should be satisfied if they died about sixteen or eighteen ; and yet eighteen years now are as long as eighteen years would be then : and if a man were but of a day's life, it is well if he lasts till evensong, and then says his compline an hour before the time : and we are pleased, and call not that death immature, if he lives till seventy ; and yet this age is as short of the old periods before and since the flood, as this youth's age (for whom you mourn) is of the present fulness. Suppose, therefore, a decree passed upon this person, (as there have been many upon all mankind,) and GOD hath set him a shorter period ; and then we may as well bear the immature death of the young man as the death of the oldest men : for they also are immature and unseasonable in respect of the old periods of many generations. And why are we troubled, that he had arts and sciences before he died ? or are we troubled, that he does not live to make use of them ? The first is cause of joy, for they are excellent in order to certain ends ; and the second cannot be the cause of sorrow,

because he hath no need to use them, as the case now stands, being provided for with the provisions of an angel, and the manna of eternity. However, the sons and the parents, friends and relative, are in the world, like hours and minutes to a day. The hour comes, and must pass ; and some stay by minutes, and they also pass, and shall never return again. But let it be considered that from the time in which a man is conceived, from that time forward to eternity, he shall never cease to be : and let him die young or old, still he hath an immortal soul, and hath laid down his body only for a time, as that which was the instrument of his trouble and sorrow, and the scene of sicknesses and disease. But he is in a more noble manner of being after death than he can be here : and the child may, with more reason, be allowed to cry for leaving his mother's womb for this world, than a man can for changing this world for another.

Sudden Death or Violent.

Others are yet troubled at the manner of their child's or friend's death. He was drowned, or lost his head, or died of the plague ; and this a

new spring of sorrow. But no man can give a sensible account how it shall be worse for a child to die with drowning in half an hour, than to endure a fever of one-and-twenty days. And if my friend lost his head, so he did not lose his constancy and his religion, he died with huge advantage.

Being Childless.

But, by this means, I am left without an heir. Well, suppose that; thou hast no heir, and I have no inheritance; and there are many kings and emperors that have died childless, many royal lines are extinguished: and Augustus Cæsar was forced to adopt his wife's son to inherit all the Roman greatness. And there are many wise persons that never married: and we read nowhere that any of the children of the apostles did survive their fathers: and all that inherit anything of Christ's kingdom, come to it by adoption, not by natural inheritance: and to die without a natural heir is no intolerable evil, since it was sanctified in the person of Jesus, Who died a virgin.

Evil or Unfortunate Children.

And by this means we are freed from the greater sorrows of having a fool, a swine, or a goat, to rule after us in our families : and yet even this condition admits of comfort. For all the wild Americans are supposed to be the sons of Dodonaim ; and the sons of Jacob are now the most scattered and despised people in the whole world. The son of Solomon was but a silly weak man ; and the son of Hezekiah was wicked : and all the fools and barbarous people, all the thieves and pirates, all the slaves and miserable men and women of the world, are the sons and daughters of Noah ; and we must not look to be exempted from that portion of sorrow which GOD gave to Noah, and Adam, and Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob ; I pray GOD send us into the lot of Abraham. But if anything happens worse to us, it is enough for us, that we bear it evenly.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.



EPITAPH.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care,
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
 And bade it blossom there.

COLERIDGE.

LOVE.

GOD gives us love. Sometimes to love
 He *lends* us ; but when love has grown
 To ripeness, that on which it throve
 Falls off, and love is left alone.

TENNYSON.

COMMUNION IN SUFFERING WITH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

1 Pet. iv. 12, 13. "Think it not strange," for it is not. Suit your thoughts to the experience and verdict of all times, and to the warnings that the Spirit of GOD hath given us in the Scriptures, and Our Saviour Himself from His own mouth, and in the example which He showed in His own person. But the point goes higher.

"Rejoice." Though we think not the sufferings "strange," yet may we not well think that rule somewhat strange, to rejoice in them? No; it will be found as reasonable as the other, being duly considered; and it rests upon the same ground which will bear both, "Inasmuch as ye are partakers of the sufferings of Christ."

So, then, 1. Consider this twofold connected participation of the sufferings of Christ, and of the after glory. 2. The present joy, even in sufferings, springing from that participation.

I need not tell you that this communion in sufferings is not in point of expiation, or satisfaction to Divine justice; which was the peculiar end of the sufferings of Christ personal, but not of the common sufferings of Christ mystical. "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree;" and in bearing them, took them away: we bear His sufferings, as His body united to Him by His Spirit. Those sufferings which were His personal burden we partake the sweet fruits of; they are accounted ours, and we are acquitted by them: but the endurance of them was His high and incommunicable task, in which none at all were with Him. Our communion in these, as fully completed by Himself in His natural body, is the ground of our comfort and joy in those sufferings that are completed in His mystical body—the Church.

This is indeed our joy, that we have so light a burden, so sweet an exchange; the weight of sin quite taken off our backs, and all bound on His cross only; and our crosses, the badges of our conformity to Him, laid indeed on our shoulders, but the great weight of them likewise held up by His hand, that they oppress us not. These fires of our trial may be corrective, and purgative of the remaining power of sin, and

they are so intended ; but Jesus Christ alone, in the sufferings of His own Cross, was the burnt-offering, " the propitiation for our sins."

Now, although He hath perfectly satisfied for us, and saved us by His sufferings, yet this conformity to Him in the way of suffering is most reasonable. Although our holiness doth not stand in point of law, nor come in at all in the matter of justifying us, yet we are called and appointed to holiness in Christ, as assimilating us to Him, our glorious Head ; and we do really receive it from Him, that we may be like Him. So these our sufferings bear a very congruous likeness to Him, though in no way as an accession to His in expiation, yet, as a part of His image ; and, therefore, the Apostle says, even in this respect, that we are " predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son." (Rom. viii. 29).

Is it fit that we should not follow where Our Captain led, and went first, but that He should lead through rugged, thorny ways, and we pass about to get a way through flowery meadows ? As His natural body shared with His head in His sufferings, so ought His body mystical to share with Him, as its head, the buffetings and spittings on His face, the thorny crown on His

head, a pierced side, nailed hands and feet. If we be parts of Him, can we think that a body finding nothing but ease, and bathing in delight, can agree to a Head so tormented? I remember what that pious duke said at Jerusalem, when they offered to crown him king there, "*Nolo auream, ubi Christus spineam.*" "No crown of gold, where Jesus was crowned with thorns."

This is the way we must follow, or else resolve to leave Him: the way of the cross is the royal way to the crown. He said it, and reminded them of it again, that they might take the deep impression of it: "Remember what I said unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also." (John xv. 20). And particularly in point of reproaches: "If they have called the master Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?" (Mat. x. 25.) A bitter scoff, an evil name, reproaches for Christ, why do these fret thee? They were a part of thy Lord's entertainment while He was here. Thou art even in this a "partaker of His sufferings," and in this way He is bringing thee forward to the partaking of His glory. That is the other thing.

“When His glory shall be revealed.” Now that He is hidden, little of His glory is seen. It was hidden while He was on earth, and now it is hidden in heaven, where He is; and as for His body here, His Church, it hath no pompous dress, nor outward splendour; and the particular parts of it, the saints, are poor despised creatures, the very refuse of men in outward respects and common esteem. But there is a day wherein He will appear, and it is at hand; and, “He shall be glorious, even in His despised saints,” and “admired in them that believe.” (2 Thess. i. 10) How much more in the brightness of His own glorious person! Terrible shall it be to those that formerly despised Him and His saints, but to them it shall be the gladdest day that ever rose upon them, a day that shall never set or be benighted; the day they so much longed and looked out for, the full accomplishment of all their hopes and desires. Oh, how dark were all our days without the hope of this day!

“Then,” says the Apostle, “ye shall rejoice with exceeding joy” (1 Pet. iv. 13); and to the end you may not fall short of that joy in the participation of glory, fall not back from a cheerful progress in the communion of those sufferings that are so closely linked with it, and

will so surely lead unto it, and end in it : for in this the Apostle's expression, this glory and joy is set before them as the great matter of their desires and hopes, and the certain end of their present sufferings.

Now, upon these grounds, the admonition will appear reasonable, and not too great a demand, to "rejoice" even in "sufferings"

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.



ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD,
WHO DIED AT A YEAR OLD.

Sweet babe, I hear thy knell!
The Lord of life and death,
Who doeth all things well,
Hath hush'd thy gentle breath.

Twelve months have wing'd their flight
Since first we welcom'd thee,
Like a soft beam of light,
Gilding a troubled sea.

Alas! that light has fled:
Thy little day is done.
Can we believe thee dead?
My own, my darling son.

Fair blossom—lovely flow'r—
So exquisitely dear!
Bright was that passing hour,
When thou wast with us here.

But wherefore should we weep ?
Why should our hearts repine ?
Who would not wish to sleep
So sweet a sleep as thine ?

Who would not yield his breath,
Thus changing toil for rest,
And gladly welcome death,
To lie on Jesu's breast ?

Sleep then, my treasure, sleep,
Safe in thy narrow bed,
Till o'er the earth shall sweep,
That voice that wakes the dead.

The burden and the heat
Of life's fatiguing day,
Sweet one, thou didst not meet,
So early snatched away.

Yet in thy glorious rest,
Thy spirit thinks of those,
Whom thy dear presence bless'd
In all their joys and woes.

And could we hear thy voice,
Such would its accents be,—
“ Dear sorrowing friends, rejoice,
No longer weep for me ! ”

The Rev. W. S. FINCH.

THE HOLY GHOST, THE COMFORTER.

“WHO being dead yet speaketh.” A heavy affliction like that which we have sustained, teaches us how little comfort, *comparatively*, can be derived from temporal sources in the hour of trial. Earthly friends endeavour to alleviate our distress, and they effect much for us, and we cannot be too grateful for their sympathies. And I hesitate not to say that the comfort derived from their kind and Christian attentions is far greater than they, who have not experienced it, could possibly suppose. And, therefore, in the calamities which befall our brethren, let us be forward to do whatever we can in any way to alleviate them. Let us bear each others’ burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Let us weep with them that weep. Yea, it is good for ourselves to do so. It is “better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting.” (Eccl. vii. 2.) But yet, at the same time, though earthly comforters may do much for us, it is not too strong

an observation to make, that, at the best, all *they* can do for us is but little compared with what *GOD* can do for us. Yea, they themselves often feel that this is the case. One kind correspondent thus expresses himself:—"Would that I could do anything to alleviate the very severe trial which you have just experienced, but how utterly feeble and helpless we show ourselves to be under such heavy blows, when we would fain do something to relieve the burden and anxiety of our friends. But the sympathy and help of the Saviour is a very different thing, as I trust you are experiencing. When *He* giveth quietness, who then can cause trouble? And what a very present help is He in every time of trouble! To Him, the fountain of consolation, we may every moment have access, and pour out our hearts before Him. And He is able, and willing too, to do for us exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think. And how graciously He invites us to Himself. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." (Psalm i. 15) Well, therefore, might Mrs. Weitbrecht say, on the occasion of the death of her husband, who, on the Sunday evening, having preached the truth as it is in Jesus, returned home and was taken with cholera,

and was summoned away from this world, after an illness of only ten hours, "One drop from Jesus is able to make even this bitter cup sweet." "O, what a privilege it is to be acquainted with *the sure refuge* in such an hour of deep sorrow! and to be enabled, in some measure, to roll the heavy burden upon Him, and to look up to Him to bear us up under it, and to sanctify it abundantly to us!" Are there any persons now amongst us, who know not the Lord? Who are unacquainted with Him? who are living as without Him in the world? O what enemies to yourselves you are, you who neglect the Lord, and secure not Him for a friend! GOD Almighty grant that, of those whom I now address, there may not remain an individual in such a state of wretchedness and desolation and destitution, not one so unprovided for the time of trouble!

The Rev. J. D. JEFFERSON, M.A.



TO A DYING INFANT.

Sleep, little baby, sleep,
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But quiet with the dead.

Yes! with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be ;
Oh, many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling,
Flee to thy place of rest,
There the first flower shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace, peace! the little bosom
Labors with shortening breath—
Peace, peace, that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh—
These are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee,
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
Baby! thou seem'st to me.

Mount up, immortal essence,
Young spirit haste, depart!
And is this death? dread thing!
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!

Thine upturned eyes, glaz'd over,
Like harebells wet with dew,
Already veil'd and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open,
Thy soft lip quivering,
As if (like summer air
Ruffling the rose-leaves) there
Thy soul were fluttering.

Oh, I could gaze for ever
Upon that waxen face:
So passionless, so pure,
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother :
Aye, weep ; 'twill ease thine heart—
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one,
'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth—
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss ;
Then waken'd with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss.

To feel half conscious why,
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on the soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate.

And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night,
(Feeling thine own distress)
With accurate greediness
Of every past delight.

G

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles.

Oh ! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother !
In after years look back ;
(Time brings such wondrous easing)
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, " My first-born blessing !
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go ;
And yet, for thee, I know,
'Twas better to depart.

" I look around, and see,
The evil ways of men ;
And, oh, beloved child !
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

“The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that prest,
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lull’d thee on my breast!

“Now, when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await
The first at heaven’s gate,
To meet and welcome me.”

CAROLINE BOWLES.



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